

I'm Coming Out of My Cage by [thestreaklives](#)

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Summary:

Jonathan comes out. Kind of.

I'm Coming Out of My Cage

Author's Note:

I was bored and this happened. I may writr some more. Maybe.

Sorry if this looks wanky. I wrote it on my phone.

Jonathan was pacing up and down the living room. Anxiety was consuming his head and he just felt like if he kept moving, the anxiety would not take over and drag him to whatever void. He was waiting on Joyce. They two of them had agreed to talk about whatever was bothering Jonathan. Joyce truly had no idea or maybe she did, but was nice enough to bring it up.

The door opened and Joyce walked in, taking a look at her son who froze in place. They were looking at each other and Joyce frowned slightly.

“Are you okay, Jonathan?” Joyce asked cautiously as she set her purse down on the dining table.

“Yeah. Can we talk now? I mean if that’s okay with you. How was work?”

Joyce was starting to get concerned. She had been keeping a close eye on Jonathan, especially now after everything happened and she had realized how she had neglected Jonathan a little because she assumed Jonathan had taken care of himself well enough for years now.

“Work was work, but , Jonathan what's going on?”

That's it. It was time. Jonathan was about to actually open up and spill his best kept secret to his mom, but he needed someone to give him guidance. He needed someone. He walked over to the table and sat down, just looking at Joyce. She got the hint and sat down, quickly reaching to Jonathan with her hand in the most comforting way.

"Tell me what's going on." Joyce said gently, smiling at him. He could see the worry in his eyes. The anxiety was taking over him, but the nerves were very present to. What if this was it? What if he said those words and his mother would never look at him the same way?

Part of his brain knew that it would never happen. His mom would be with him until the end, but the other part in his brain was sure his mother would be disgusted with him, disgusted that Jonathan wasn't gonna live up to be the man she has raised. He was different and wrong.

"I think... I have been seeing someone. Not just any someone. A guy someone. He's a guy. Does this make me gay? Am I gay?" Jonathan tried not to hurry his words. He tried to keep himself composed. Joyce opened his mouth to reply, but Jonathan didn't want to hear it yet.

"I... like him a lot, but I don't want to be that" Jonathan took a breath. He couldn't really read Joyce's expression.

She wasn't really expecting that, but her heart sank a little because she could see now why Jonathan was so distressed. He was always picked on for being different and now he realized that there were more things that truly made him different from the 'norm'.

She would never want for any of her children to suffer, but it would hurt more for them to hide part of who they truly were.

She gripped his hand tighter.

"There's nothing wrong with being gay. There's nothing wrong with love." Jonathan knew his mother was trying to be nice, but she was so wrong- it was wrong. He couldn't go outside and proclaim his love for Steve. He probably would get bashed by the kids at his high school. It wasn't normal.

"It feels like it. Everyone hates the gays. Dad hates them too." Jonathan said dryly.

"Fuck everyone else. Fuck your dad. He doesn't know shit. You don't owe him a single thing. You be you, Jonathan." Cursing was not

unusual for his mom, but every time Jonathan couldn't help, but chuckle. Even when he was young, he would giggle at his mother's cursing. She would just look at him and tell him never to repeat what he heard.

"I love you so much. Nothing's gonna change that and I know you're scared. But the only person in the way of your happiness is yourself, Jon."

The secret was out. His mom knew and honestly he was expecting more of a moment to match the fear and anxiety that he had been through these last few days.

"Who's the lucky guy?" Joyce quickly shifted the atmosphere of the room. She had a look and a smile like she was also ready to tease her son just like she did when Jonathan got back from his first date with Nancy. "When am I gonna meet him?"

Jonathan choked up. He was not about to confess that he has been seeing Steve Fucking Harrington from all people.

"No. We're done talking here, mom." He stood up from the table and quickly hid away in his room. His safe place. Any question his mother had could wait at least one thousand years to be answered.

Steve was stupid. His face was stupid. His personality was stupid. His hair, his clothes, his arms... he was stupid.

They way he made Jonathan come out to his mother because he wanted to have somewhat of a relationship with Steve. Stupid. It was all his stupid fault. If they had never kissed... Jonathan huffed, but at the same time he wanted to talk to the other boy. He wanted to tell him about his achievement with Joyce. He came out, kind of. Was he really gay? Was 'coming out' the correct term?

You know why it was all his fault? Because Steve had kissed him and made him feel all sort of stuff.

Jonathan didn't want to stay in the house any longer. He was sitting in his room, yet he felt like the walls were closing in on him. Everything had gone well with Joyce. He didn't get why he couldn't

shake the anxiety off. He grabbed his jacket and walked out of his room to grab his keys. It took about 10 minutes of absent minded driving to get to the familiar front door.

Jonathan sat in the car for about two minutes before he turned off his car and made his way to Steve.

The door opened and Steve gave him a look, as if he could tell there was something going on. Was Jonathan that easy to read?

Maybe Steve should be able to read the intense desire Jonathan has to kiss Steve's stupid face. So he did. Jonathan launched forward and crashed their lips together, gaining a noise out of Steve. He didn't want to let go, but they needed some air. Steve had that stupid smile in his face.

"Nice to see you too." He said in a cocky way, a laugh coming out of him. Maybe he was surprised or impressed by Jonathan's kiss, any other day he would rather die than kiss in a semi-public place.

"I told my mom. I told her. Sort of." Jonathan sighed softly. "I told her there's a boy that drives me crazy."

Steve was shocked, but his smile got bigger. His smile was so bright. Stupid.

He wrapped his arms around Jonathan and it felt like home. It felt so right, but Jonathan didn't understand why it felt so wrong. Boys didn't love boys, but Jonathan loved Steve Harrington.